

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 395.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 5.

Lord, Thou art Great.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry when in the East

The day is blooming like a rose of fire,
When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire.

When art thou seen more gracious, God of power!
Than in the morn's great resurrection hour!

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry, when blackness shrouds
The noonday heavens, and crinkling lightnings
flame

And, on the tablet of the thunder clouds,
In fiery letters write thy dreadful name!

When art thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry, when in the West,
Day, softly vanquished, shuts his glowing eye;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die;
When giv'st thou, Lord, our hearts more blest repose,
Than in the magic of thy evening shows!

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry at dead of night,
When silence broods alike on land and deep;
When stars go up and down the blue-arched height,
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep;
When beckonest thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy night?

"Lord, thou art great!" in nature's every form!
Greater in none—simply most great in all;
In tears and terrors, sunshine, smile and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt thy call;
"Lord, thou art great!" O let me praise thy name,
And grow in greatness as I thine proclaim.

Moravian, (Bethlehem, Pa.)

Translated for this Journal.

The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts (1840-1841), Reviewed by Robert Schumann.

(Continued.)

SIXTH CONCERT, NOV. 12.

Overture: *Die Waldnymphen*, (The Wood-Nymph) by W. STERN-DALE BENNETT.—Air by C. M. VON WEBER.—Solo for Violoncello, by B. ROMBERG.—Cavatina by MOZART.—Fantasia for Violoncello, by KUMMER.—Recitative and Concluding Chorus from the *Creation*, HAYDN.—Symphony (A major), BEETHOVEN.

BENNETT's charming overture opened the evening. Whoever has not yet heard it, may conceive of it as a sort of nosegay: Spohr contributed flowers to it, and so did Mendelssohn and Weber, but Bennett himself furnished the most, and the way in which he has arranged them with a tender hand and combined them in a whole, is fully and exclusively his own. The orchestra took loving care that nothing therein should get injured.—In the *Freyschütz* aria (*Wie nahe mir der Schlummer*) Fräulein SCHLOSS shone and pleased very much, as also in the air from Mozart's *Figaro*. One sees that the singer strives continually forward, and also aims at many-sided culture.—The Violoncello pieces were played by a guest ("star") Herr Kammermusik GRIEBNER, from Berlin. The first one threw an apple of discord amongst the public. After the conclusion there were some hisses heard amid the clapping, which referred chiefly to the choice of the

composition, a thoroughly tedious one in fact. And so there arose a rather obstinate contention between hands and lips, in which the first bore off the victory. Plainly this animated the player, who brought his second piece to an end unimpeached, and indeed with tumultuous applause. The artistic performance in itself was nothing extraordinary, but it deserved respect, and certainly no hissing. The numbers from the "*Creation*," glorious old work, are always heard with joy; the Tenor was a new one, Herr PIELKE, who gives hopes; the other solo voices were Frl. SCHLOSS and Herr WEISKE. For a conclusion, the Symphony in A, about which we will not repeat what all know.

SEVENTH CONCERT, NOV. 26.

Symphony (B minor), KALLIWODA.—Aria by DONIZETTI.—Fantasia for Clarinet, by REISSNER.—Overture to *Freyschütz*, WEBER.—Concertino for Violin, by MATSEDER.—Scena with Chorus, by ROSSINI.

CONCERT FOR THE FUND FOR OLD AND INVALID MUSICIANS, DEC. 3.

Jubilee Overture, by WEBER.—Air by MOZART.—Fantasia for Pianoforte, Chorus and Orchestra, BEETHOVEN.—*Lobgesang* (Hymn of Praise): a Symphony-Cantata, by F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

In the seventh subscription concert we heard once more KALLIWODA's newest Symphony, which the composer himself produced here for the first time a year ago. At that time the *Zeitschrift* remarked the peculiar tone that breathes through it, as well as the tender instrumentation which betokens the ever progressive musician. This time, too, the Symphony produced the most agreeable effect, if it was not so fiery, as it seemed then when the composer conducted it in person; for the rest, it was played and led most admirably. The work has recently appeared in print, and lies before us for more careful comment.—The other numbers of the concert offered less of new interest. The Donizetti aria was utterly empty of all music, and was sung by the cantatrice without success and without the applause which follows other Italian things. Herr HEINZE played his clarinet piece very well; he, as well as the violin player, Herr SACHSE, were friendly received in their debut. The *Freyschütz* overture made its impression as usual; so too, with the Italian part of the public, the Finale from *Semiramide*.

The Concert for the Fund was remarkable for the exceeding beauty both of compositions and performance. The conductor's desk was decorated with wreaths of flowers; a most timely act of homage to the master, who has so often worked from that place in the praise of true Art, and who has this time, too, contributed to the ennobling of the concert by a work of his own. When he stepped up to his place, the whole public and orchestra rose with an enthusiasm which it was a joy to see and hear. The "*Jubilee Overture*" was the translation of this feeling into music; the jubilee would never end. To sustain such joyous musical life at such a height, were perhaps only possible to a Malibran, or a Schröder-Devrient.

Fräulein SCHLOSS sang well, but somewhat timidly; this was generally felt. Nor did Herr KUFFERATH play with energy enough, although always musically and like a good artist. This extraordinary composition of Beethoven, in which the player is scarcely more than an orator placed between great masses of people, is just one that requires—to continue the figure—good lungs, in order to be understood in detail through it all. The total effect was edifying.

Then followed the chief piece of the evening, MENDELSSOHN's *Lobgesang*, which, having already been produced here at the Gutenberg festival, was altered by the composer, for the present concert, with, as we believe, increased effect in certain passages. All praise to the majestic composition, as it was and as it now is! Already before now we have expressed it. Whatever blesses and ennobles man, we find united here: pious feeling, consciousness of power, its freest and most natural expression; not to speak of the musical art of the master, of the inspiration with which he wrought peculiarly in this work, especially at the place where the male chorus takes up the principal part. We must not close this praise without one for the performers, one and all; especially for the solo voices: Frau Dr. FREGE, Fräulein SCHLOSS, and Herr SCHMIDT. One thought alone seemed to animate all: thanks to the artist for his labor, and the desire to do justice to his work by the most loving care in the performance. The end of the concert was only the beginning; it only wanted that they should snatch down the flowery wreaths, and twine them round the Master's temples.

EIGHTH CONCERT, DEC. 10.

Symphony (in F), BEETHOVEN.—Adagio and Rondo, for Pianoforte, THALBERG.—Finale from *William Tell*, ROSSINI.—Overture by CHERUBINI.—Two Etudes for Pianoforte, by HENSELT and CHOPIN.—Ensemble from *Cortez*, by SPONTINI.

Of the Beethoven Symphonies the one in F (No. 8) is perhaps the least often played and heard; even in Leipzig, where they are all so familiar, almost popular, we cherish a prejudice against just this one, to which, however, hardly another one of Beethoven's can be compared in humoristic depth. Climaxes, like that toward the close of the last movement, are rare even in Beethoven; and during the Allegretto in B flat one can do nothing but—be still and happy. The orchestra gave a masterpiece; even the catchy Trio with the strangely comforting, sad horn melody went well.—The piano-forte piece was played, and for the first time in this place, by Fräulein AMALIE RIEFFEL, from Flensburg, a young girl of scarcely eighteen years. To form a conclusion as to her whole artistic capacity from her first appearance, would perhaps be doing what were anything but agreeable to the young artist herself, cheering as the great applause must have been for her, which she received after the piece by Thalberg. But she has accomplished far more, as the present writer has had occasion to know in private; her facility is very great, her delivery individual, often poetic, and she pursues her art

with an entire devotion and with an iron will, which has remained peculiar to her in spite of an almost impetuous artistic temperament. The latter was most shown in her playing of the *Etudes*, which she took with unheard of rapidity, so that in truth much was lost. There was no want of applause, to be sure, after the *Etudes*; but it was decidedly more general and more hearty after the concert piece. Surely it is not the last time that her name will occur in these columns; she has yet before her a rich future.

About the larger ensemble pieces of Rossini and Spontini,—being such well known compositions,—we have nothing to remark. But in the Overture by CHERUBINI, the question occurred to us, whether this great man and master is not still too little known and prized, and whether the present is not just the time,—now that the understanding of his compositions is brought so much nearer to us by the way which the best recent music has taken—to seek more acquaintance with the man who during Beethoven's life was certainly the second master of modern musical art, and who since Beethoven's death may perhaps be regarded as the first composer living.

NINTH CONCERT, DEC. 16.

Overture to *Oberon*, by WEBER.—Air from *Figaro*, by MOZART.—Sonata for Piano-forte and Violin, BEETHOVEN.—*Lobgesang* (Hymn of Praise), MENDELSSOHN.

The reviewer has but little to communicate about the concert; long before the commencement there was not a seat to be had. In brief, His Majesty, the king of Saxony, had announced his intention to be present. Reason enough for bringing forth the best. It was a right royal concert. The air was sung by Fräulein SCHLOSS; the Sonata, the great one in A, was played by Herr Music-Director MENDELSSOHN and Herr Concert-Master DAVID. We are informed that His Majesty the king expressed his thanks in person to the artists, and stepping up to the orchestra, at the conclusion of the *Lobgesang*, repeated the same most graciously to the composer. It was a laurel of another sort, which equally adorned the august giver and the artist who received it. The public held itself during the whole evening in respectful silence, which was only interrupted on the entrance of the regent by a jubilant acclamation, and after the *Lobgesang* by a joyous, thankful greeting of the work.

(To be continued.)

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 237.)

No. 44.

Leopold Mozart to M. Haquenauer.

Milan, 3d February, 1770.

Yesterday we attended the full rehearsal of the new opera, *Cesar in Egitto*, which is mighty good. We have seen the Maestro Picini* and Madame Picinelli, and we conversed with them. Wolfgang, who disports himself every day in his warmed sheets, cannot write to-day, because he is composing two Latin motets for two *castrati*, one fifteen, one sixteen, who sing mighty well—they are two comrades whom he could not refuse. I saw in the papers, that they fully reckon upon us at Bosolo.

No. 45.

The Same to his Wife.

Milan, 10th February, 1770.

We dined at Count Firmiani's, who is better; his Excellency was pleased, after dinner, to present Wolf-

gang with the works of Metastasio, in nine volumes. It is one of the finest editions—that of Turin; the whole is mighty well bound. Thou canst imagine that this present is mighty pleasing to me as well as to Wolfgang. The count is particularly impressed with Wolfgang's talent, and treats us with every sort of distinction. It would be too long to recount to thee the proofs which Wolfgang gave of his knowledge before the *maestro* Sammartino, and a crowd of persons of the greatest skill. He astonished them all. Thou knowest what takes place in these cases. Thou hast often enough seen it. We have had an opportunity of hearing all sorts of church music, among others yesterday the requiem of the old Marquis Litta, who, to the grief of this great family, died during the Carnival, whereas they would have been delighted to see his life spared till Lent. The *Dies iræ* of this mass lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. All was over at two in the afternoon.

Do not thou go and imagine that I am about to give thee a description of the religious practices of this country; anger would prevent me. I am scandalized at them. All consists in music and in church ornament. The rest is the most abominable extravagance. Wolfgang is delighted to receive a letter.

P. S.—From Wolfgang. Talk of the wolf and you see his tail. I am charmingly well, God be thanked, and cannot wait for the time when I am to receive an answer. I kiss mamma's hands, and send a tender kiss to my sister. I remain the same. What? The same harlequin Wolfgang in Germany, Amadeo, in Italy. DE MOZANTINI.

No. 46.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, 17th February, 1770.

I think with thee that the winter is not so dangerous in Italy as the summer; but we hope God will preserve us. When we do not injure our health by irregularities, by excess at table, and we are free from organic defect, there is nothing to fear. Everywhere we are in the hands of God. It is not in eating or drinking that Wolfgang will injure his health. Thou knowest he is temperate of his own accord, and I assure thee I have never seen him so careful of his health as in this country. All that he thinks not good for him he puts aside; there are days when he eats very little, which does not prevent his being fat and well, and from morning till night cheerful and contented.

The tailor has just left us. He brought us cloaks and coats. I was looking at myself in the glass while he was trying them on, and I said to myself, "Here I am, in my old age, obliged to commit follies like every one else!" Wolfgang's dress becomes him admirably, and since it was necessary to launch into this foolish expense, my consolation is the thought that it will serve for all sorts of things, and at the least for linings and aprons.

To-morrow Count Firmiani receives the Duke and the Princess of Modena, who have just heard Wolfgang. In the evening we go *en masque* in grand gala to the Opera. After the Opera there will be a ball, and then we will return in the carriage with our excellent friend Signor Don Ferdinando, the Count's *major domo*. Next Friday there will be a public concert; we shall see what it will bring. In any case Italy will have brought us no great things. The true and only gratification here is that we meet more musical taste and intelligence than elsewhere, and that the Italians understand how much Wolfgang knows. For the rest we must ever be content to receive payment in bravos and exclamations, to which thou mayst add every imaginable politeness with which we are received and invited on all occasions in the best houses. Wolfgang respectfully kisses the hands of the Countess d'Arco, whose tender marks of affection are far more agreeable to him than many a kiss from younger lips.

P. S.—From Wolfgang. Here am I, there am I. Dear little Mariette, I am very glad thou wert so frightfully amused. Tell Ursula that I still believe I gave her back all her songs; but if, by chance, I carried them away in our Italian luggage, amidst my lofty and important preoccupation, I will not fail, if I find them, to insert them in my letter. *Addio*, children, take care of yourselves; I kiss a thousand times the hand of my mother, and for thee I send a hundred kisses on thy astonishing and ugly visage. *Per fare il fine*. I am all thine. (To be continued.)

Mohega, the Flower of the Desert.

(From the Milwaukee Weekly Sentinel, Oct. 17.)

A MUSICAL DRAMA BY EDWARD SOBOLEWSKI. EDWARD SOBOLEWSKI, Esq., late conductor and director of the royal opera at Königsberg, Prussia, and the opera at Bremen, has brought out a musical

drama in Milwaukee, of North America. Mr. SOBOLEWSKI is a pupil of the great C. M. von WEBER, and the facts, as above stated, are of some moment in musical affairs. Many of our best local musicians and critics, in their enthusiasm, have anticipated criticism and landed *Mohega* in a most unbounded manner. We have been told that there is not a man in America capable of passing judgment on the effort of SOBOLEWSKI, and that until the score of *Mohega* reached the *Leipzig Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the criticism of America must remain suspended. However proper such a course may be, it is not in strict accordance with the spirit and character of the people whom the composer proposes to delight; nor is it quite so reasonable as his too ardent admirers would have us suppose. *Mohega* will stand or fall upon its inherent worth, regardless of the dictum of those intensely scientific and critical journals of operative Germany. If its originality and power are such as to effect the mind or the heart with the burden of an old story, in a new or intense manner; if it deals in the emotions with new sweetness, or in breathing of patriotism creates a new thrill, it has been measurably successful, and Milwaukee will have the honor of contributing the first really successful opera to the American stock.

Mohega is entitled on the libretto "An episode of the American Revolution." The first act is located in the valley of Wyoming, and the audience are treated to the noisy part of the massacre which there took place. The whole of this act is full of startling effect—rapid action—and quick transitions from scene to scene. The music flows like a torrent, or rather dashes, from circumstance to circumstance—sparkling, foamy and liquid. Not a moment serene, never welling up in those transparent "sheets of melody"—if we may use the expression, wherein one has time to catch the reflection of elaborated passion or highly wrought sentiment; its own hurry and activity destroys the images we look for. And yet, if the music lacks depth, its vivacity more than compensates in this act where there is little sentiment to express, and all the scenes partake of the didactic rather than of the emotional character.

The second act affords us *sweet* music, occasionally brilliant but never powerful. We become aware that *Mohega* is in love, Ellen is in love, Butler is in love, Pulawski is in love, but with the exception of *Mohega*, the music is rather an accompaniment than an embodiment of the passions.

We begin to feel a genuine pity for Ellen, who between Butler and Pequod sustains an alternating persecution which culminates in the savage tying her to a tree and after fighting the fire which is to consume her, amuses himself in fancying she is a target, at which our pity leaves us, and a slight sense of the ridiculous takes its place. In fact, with the end of the first act, the lively interest immediately flags. The duetto commencing the second act is somewhat too long for dramatic effect, and were it not for the brilliant accompaniment, would be tedious. The introduction of the "Star Spangled Banner"—aside from its being an anachronism—in this connection, has the semblance of burlesque, especially as Pulawski sings a verse of it in English and dwells determinedly on the unemphatic words. We question the taste which puts this comparatively recent song into the mouths of Revolutionary heroes. It bears the appearance of clap-trap. Pequod having exhausted his arrows in tormenting Ellen, suddenly, and we think unaccountably, falls asleep during the very loud lullaby of Ellen.

The third act commences with an exquisite melody, without exception the gem of the piece, which was rendered by Miss SOBOLEWSKI with much feeling. Her voice is of ordinary compass, and her *role* tried it most effectually. Her enunciation is clear, distinct and accurate, and she touched the chromatic passages with the precision of a well cultivated soprano. Every shade of sound was well defined, and there was much of the warmth and fervor of genius at times apparent in her voice, though we believe there was not a cultivated ear in the audience but well knew she was forcing it above the natural compass repeatedly. This act draws to the catastrophe in true "Bowery style." Butler fires his pistol at Pulawski and wounds Ellen instead; Pulawski himself is immediately afterward mortally wounded; Pequod shoots Butler, and *Mohega* dies because her true love dies. Having thus disposed of the chief characters, naught remains but to wave the American flag over them, which is done, and the chorus give us the last verse of the "Star Spangled Banner."

It cannot but strike the careful auditor who has perused the libretto, that there is the greatest discrepancy between this flimsy plot and the instrumentation. The latter is throughout brilliant, the former tame and hackneyed. Were it not for the skillful manner in which the author and composer keep up

* Nicolo Picini, born at Bari, in 1728, the rival of Gluck, composed more than 150 operas. The musical public of Paris was roused at the time into two great parties, the Picinists and the Gluckists. He died in 1800, at Passy.

a running succession of events, groupings and changes, the representation must have been the dullest possible affair. Nor could any merit of vocalization have redeemed it. As we have stated above, there are bits of exquisite composition scattered through the drama—the *Terzetto* of Ellen, Pequot and Butler, in the commencement of the first act, and the prayer of Ellen in the third act, are glimpses of Mr. SOBOLLEWSKI's power. But they are mere glimpses; the rest is *pretty*. It was absolutely necessary to have a good conception, ere the composer could display his strength. He very evidently did not have that conception in *Mohega*. Vocal music is the perfection of elocution. That perfection consists in the degree of accuracy and intensity with which it portrays the passion, feeling or sentiment. If there exists no passion or cause, the music is mere sound, signifying nothing. It is also necessary for music to bear on its pulsations something beside the mere echo of itself in order to effect the heart; no mere adjustment of tones, however nice, can reach the right chord of sympathy unless they are freighted with something even more immaterial than sound. It is with these facts in view that operatic music should be criticized, and it becomes apparent that the deeper the motives, the finer the shades of feeling dealt with and successfully wrought into melody, the greater the success of the master. In *Mohega* there is nothing of the *spiritual* or the mental.

The drama passes before us like a well ordered spectacle, accompanied with instrumental music, of the greatest excellence. The patriotic idea which underlies and ought to animate the whole machinery of the play with some degree of grandeur, is muffled; we hear its tones, but they are deadened ones, and do not take hold of the soul. The plot is vigorous but heartless. It moves with all the strength and vigor of life, but takes no hold upon our sympathies. It lacks the sympathy of soul. The master mind failed to infuse the very spirit of his theme into the staff. The several shades and revelations of regret, despair, hope and grief, are delicately limned; but we must confess, the coloring is not here to deceive us or to interest us, as it should, with the semblance of life. And lest this should be charged to the representation, we will assert, what has been uttered by many in our hearing, since Tuesday evening, i. e., the performance of *Mohega* was the most creditable vocal and dramatic exhibition that has been witnessed in Milwaukee for years, not excepting the professional representations.

The individual roles were sustained most effectively; the costumes, properties, &c., were in better keeping than at any dramatic representation which we have witnessed in Milwaukee. In conclusion, we submit that Mr. SOBOLLEWSKI's opera, has but given us the feeblest taste of his musical ability, and when he learns to estimate the musical taste of the Western country a little higher, his next will be a greater success than this.

(From the Milwaukee Free Democrat.)

THE PERFORMANCE OF "MOHEGA."—A large audience—some 800 persons perhaps—was assembled at Albany Hall on Tuesday evening last, to greet the performance of DE SOBOLLEWSKI's new American Opera, "Mohega, the Flower of the Forest." Without attempting to enter upon a real criticism of the composition—which is almost impossible after witnessing only the first public performance of a new opera—it may not be uninteresting to those of our readers who were not present at the representation, to notice a few leading facts about the composition and performance—which, as all will agree with us, is immensely easier than to criticize the work of a master like SOBOLLEWSKI. And although opinions of slight difference may prevail—yet we doubt not, nearly all will agree with us in saying that, as a whole, "Mohega" was quite successful. Those who are somewhat dissatisfied, should bear in mind that a city of but twenty years growth, like Milwaukee, cannot be expected to furnish so grand a performance of the composition, as European cities. Besides, a work of this kind runs more risk here than in Europe, for the reason that *here* its success depends solely upon the favor it finds with an audience, many members of which only attend such representations merely for the sake of gratifying a taste for novelty, and not from an appreciation of music; while in Europe the taste of the people has been schooled to appreciate great musical efforts, by a series of performances of classic operas, concerts, &c., under the patronage of the government. Here we have a hall of defective acoustic qualities—a portion of the orchestra, and a majority of the singers are composed of amateurs—battle scenes, which are supposed to be executed by the flower of the American and British armies, are here performed by "raw re-

cruits," mostly ignorant of military rules, behavior, and the use of bayonets.

Such things are quite different in Europe. There they have halls built on the most approved acoustic plans—professional people make up the orchestra, leading characters, and chorus singers—and large bodies of well trained soldiers perform their share on stages in every way fit for grand representations. After making a liberal allowance for all such mentioned deficiencies, every one will say that the performance was as good as could be expected under the circumstances. Mrs. MAHLER appeared in the leading part as *Mohega*, the Indian girl. And although her voice seemed a little weak at times, yet her graceful and accomplished action easily made one forget such things, and we can only say she earned the applause bestowed upon her. Miss SOBOLLEWSKI, a young lady of European reputation as an artist—sang her part well, although her acting might be somewhat improved. But then she is still young, and will undoubtedly improve with time in this respect. Under the able instruction of her father, her voice has been cultivated, as might be expected, so that she surpasses many of the travelling artists who have visited our city. She does, indeed, seem to have complete control over her voice.

The gentlemen, with the exception of *Pequot*, did not seem to sing as well as at some previous efforts. The choruses were generally very well, though rather weak of voice. The most natural scene seemed to be those of the Indians in the first act. The costumes were really well chosen, and at the end of the first act the composer was called out—at the close of the opera, composer and leading actors were called out. The orchestra, though small in number, played well, and gave general satisfaction.

In regard to the merits of the music, we must say, that the opera is full of melody, shows the able instrumentation of a master, and is free of all modern attempts to display the singer's ability, with a sure prospect of ruining a fine voice—a fit representative of which the modern Italian school has in the person of Signor Verdi. Of the three acts into which the opera is divided, the first seems to be the most successful. The second and third acts, although they contain much that is beautiful to the ear, and pleasant to the eye, are not so much distinguished by originality as the first act, which is really grand and affecting.

A Course of Practice for Learners of the Piano-forte.

(From KNORR'S "Methodical Guide.")
(Concluded.)

PREPARATION FOR APPEARING IN PUBLIC. CHOICE COMPOSITIONS, &c., CONTINUED.

The pupil, who has been well guided thus far, (and of course possesses talent and application,) will now soon be fit to appear before the public.* He should, however, be accustomed previously to playing before hearers, and he should especially have opportunities to play pieces with the accompaniment of other instruments, (Duos, Trios, &c.) Should he practise a piece with orchestral accompaniment, the teacher must be very careful to make him play his part so thoroughly, that, with all due freedom of movement, no doubt can ever arise in the minds of the musicians who accompany him, as to time. But as the rules belonging to this subject find their proper place in a treatise on musical elocution, and not in a guide for teachers on the Piano, the few hints thrown out are sufficient, without further remarks.

In this (the last) stage of his instruction, the pupil may derive benefit from various compositions, which are indicated below. It is plain, however, that a detailed progressive system, from less to greater difficulty, can no longer be expected at this period.

A. Pieces for Piano alone, (Etudes, Parlor Music, Sonatas, &c.)

Chopin, *Etudes*, op. 10, Liv. 1, 2. This work has made an epoch in compositions of this kind; which is the reason of its having had such eminent success. As to the large extensions required by many of these *etudes*, the pupil should take pains really to extend his fingers from one key to the other. The ability to do this is only acquired by a methodical bending, never by a useless stretching of the fingers.

A. Henselt, *Etudes*, op. 2. Among the rest are two nice *etudes*, No. 1, in D minor, and No. 9, in F; an especial favorite, however, is No. 6, op. 3, in B.

Döhler, *Etudes*, op. 30, No. 9, in D minor. Tarentelle, op. 39, in G minor; an excellent exercise for the wrists.)

Thalberg, *Thème original*, and *Etude*, op. 45, in A minor.

* It is always wrong to bring before the public children who are not yet sufficiently developed, technically and musically.

C. Mayer, 3 grand *Etudes*, op. 61, Nos. 2 and 3. A. E. Müller, *Caprices*, in C minor, (Liv. 2,) and in Eb, (Liv. 4.) From the classical period, a good counterpart to the preceding.

A. Henselt, Var. (*Philtre*), op. 1, in E. H. Herz, Var. (*Crocato*), op. 23, in Eb. Var. (*Euryanthe*), op. 62, in Eb.

Th. Kullak, *La Gazelle*, *Pièce Caract.* op. 22, in F.

Thalberg, *Fantasia*, (Moses), op. 33, in G minor. *Fantasia*, (Don Juan), op. 42, in E.

Liszt, *Galop Chromat.* op. 12, in Eb. *Reminisc. de Lucia*, op. 13, in Db.

Hummel, *Fantasia*, op. 18, in Eb. *Sonata*, op. 81, in F sharp minor.

Beethoven, *Sonata*, op. 53, in C. (The runs in octaves, at the close, to be done by a slow *glissando*—gliding over the keys with the same fingers, &c.) *Sonata*, op. 57, in F minor.

C. M. von Weber, *Sonatas*, op. 24, in C; op. 39, in Ab; op. 49, in D minor; op. 70, in E minor. *Overtures*, *Freischütz*, and *Oberon*, (arranged by the composer.)

J. S. Bach, *Preludes et Fugues*, (Clavec. bien temp. I. and II.) Of this work only a preliminary notice can be taken now, as it requires an entirely separate study, which would detain the pupil too long at this time.

B. Pieces with orchestral Accompaniments, (Rondos, Variations, Concertos, &c.)

Hummel, *Rondo brill.* op. 56, in A; and *Concerto*, op. 85, in A minor. Also with the accompaniment of a second piano.

Kalkbrenner, *Rondo*, (Gage d'Amicitie), op. 66, in Bb.

H. Herz, Var. di Bravoura, op. 20, in C. Moscheles, Var. (*Marche d'Alex.*) op. 32, in F.

Rondo brill. op. 43, in D. *Concerto No. 3*, in G minor.

Dussek, *Concerto No. 12*, in Eb. Field, *Concerto No. 2*, in Ab.

Chopin, Var. (*La ci darem*), op. 2, in Bb. C. M. von Weber, *Concertstück*, op. 79, in F minor.

Beethoven, *Concerto*, op. 73, in Eb.

The above list may be considered as a sort of guide by which to judge of other pieces.

PROGRESSING WITHOUT A TEACHER.

The last finishing touch is for the pupil himself to give, after he has been brought so far by the teacher that he can no more be misled by faulty judgment or bad taste. At this, the last and self-dependent stage of his development, however, he must try to hear and turn to the best account the productions of true and finished artists. At the same time, he should make himself acquainted with the new works of good composers, and try himself on the most difficult pieces; (of classical pieces, for instance, the more difficult ones of J. S. Bach, the great *Sonata* of Beethoven, op. 106, &c.; of virtuosos pieces, the greater works of Liszt, Leop. de Meyer, &c.) As regards the mechanical studies, he must strive to reach the pinnacle of perfection in certain musical forms; as, for instance, in the trill, the scales, and in playing octaves, which, it is true, require a practice of several hours, day by day, during which neither the fingers nor the hand must be allowed to stop or rest, until entire fatigue ensues. And thus he may steer cheerfully and steadily towards the high mark of his aspirations, and not feel discouraged if he finds that mark still quite remote, in spite of all his efforts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Remonstrance.

(To a Friend.)

If Chopin's dreamy tenderness I praise, —
(Ethereal essence of poetic sound!)
And prize the noble, clear, and lofty lays
Through which good Handel's native language found;
If Beethoven's deep tones divine do use
To wake in me sublime aspirations strong —
Shall I then, narrow-souled, all thanks refuse
Italian suns, translated into song?
Not so! the linnet's trill is ever sweet,
Tho' nightingales attune a mellow lay;
Nor is mine English daisy incomplete,
Because the rose blooms Lady of the May;
Oh, let me, loving noblest music more,
Love what is lower none the less therefore!

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

OPERATIC CRITICISM.—That excellent maritime journal, the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, continues to instruct and amuse us. The last number gives the following "first rate notice" of the opera:—

The season at the Boston Theatre closed for the present, with a grand matinee in the afternoon of last Saturday, (15th.) We were favored on that occasion with the entire opera of *La Traviata*, and the last act of *La Favorita*.

Madame Colson, as Violetta, on the whole, acquitted herself creditably, although critical judges would perhaps object to a certain thinness and want of *embonpoint* to her voice, which does not indeed possess quite the required density for the difficult passages which occur in the first act of this opera. Mr. Squires, as Alfredo, made as favorable an impression as any one with an Anglo-Saxon cognomen could be expected to produce. His staccato movements in A flat were exceedingly fine, but his sub base was wanting in power, and his swell not sufficiently extensive. As Signor Squirano he might hope for success, but as plain Mr. Squires, he can never reach the highest excellence, for our people will not put up with English in any form when they pay a good price for the real Italian. Provincial editors, who are deadheaded to everything of this sort, may not find any fault with it, but we, who paid for our ticket, shall express our opinion freely. Sig. Amadio, as Jeronimo, was superb in his execution of perhaps the most difficult role in the whole opera. The compass of his voice has the most remarkable variations, reaching sometimes to ten degrees or over. The aria, *Cara nome del mio cor* by Miss Abby Fay, was very clean and neat, and on the whole gave as good satisfaction as could be expected from a native artist, but it requires the warmth and ecstatic influences of an Italian sky, to produce that artistic conception and execution to which the tickets are unavoidably so high. Sig. Stigelli, as Fernando, was a most unfortunate cast. He was advertised as "the great Tenor Robusto," but is too light by fifty pounds to merit that appellation. His voice might answer for the Speaker of the House of Representatives, or something of that sort, but was never adapted to the role of Fernando. It lacks tone, serenity, and that indescribable *duce far niente* so absolutely necessary to an effective delivery. His style needs to be purified by constant practice of classical music; we would suggest the ancient Greek choruses as a proper field for at least seven years, when he might attempt modern authors with a better chance of success.

The Chimes.

(From the Cambridge Chronicle.)

There is a pleasant and encouraging prospect of hearing the sweet tones of the Chimes at Christmas time. But, in order to have them in fullest perfection, it is necessary to have thirteen bells. It is on this condition that Mr. Hooper's very generous offer of the fourth bell is based. With thirteen bells not only can all the good old psalm tunes be played, solemnizing the Sabbath, drawing people to worship through their sweet melody, or awakening the old associations in those who may have neglected the Sabbath, and forgotten the Church, but also the grand national airs and hymns, and other popular songs. The old congregational tunes that have been in use for several centuries, as well as the more modern, can all be played, and surely listened to with interest and delight. For festival days, for occasions when Old Harvard claims special interest, Commencement, Alumni, Exhibition, Class Days, the Chimes will have a voice for them all.

It is proposed to transfer the subscription for the College Chimes to those of Christ Church; and the following copy of a letter from Rev. Dr. Huntington recommends the measure:

Cambridge, Oct. 20th, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR.—In answer to your inquiry I have to say that, in view of the vigorous and definite measures of the Parish of "Christ Church" towards procuring a Chime of bells, the enterprise of obtaining such a Chime for the College Chapel was abandoned about a year ago.

There can be no occasion for two Chimes. The tower of the Episcopal Church seems to be as convenient and desirable a place for the bells as any other. And I have ventured to hope that those gentlemen, citizens of Cambridge, who were so kind and so liberal as to subscribe to the paper circulated by me, would be disposed to transfer their subscriptions to the similar plan undertaken by you and your friends.

I am very truly yours,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

HENRY M. PARKER, Esq.

Some of the subscribers have already expressed their consent to the transfer; and it is hoped all will do so.

The letters of the thirteen bells will be D, E, F sharp; G, A, B, C, C sharp; D, D sharp; E, F sharp, G.

The Chimes will be rung between the ringing of the first and second church bells, when it will be a favorable time for them to be heard. It is hoped, also, that after a time there will be persons who, having attained the necessary knowledge, will volunteer to chime the bells on pleasant summer evenings.

Some objection has been made by those who live near the Chime in Boston to those bells; but, as there are only eight, the variety of tunes they afford is much limited, which is a good ground for objection.

A small chime bell, made by Hooper & Co., used for a clock bell, has very recently been placed near Harvard Square. Few people have heard it yet,—but one, a good judge, pronounces it the sweetest bell he ever heard.

Contributions are now needed to insure the obtaining of thirteen bells. It is earnestly desired that they may be offered immediately, so that the whole sum needed may be made up as soon as possible.

It has been suggested that the Firemen of Cambridge unite and present one bell. In which case a

handsome inscription would be placed on it, and they would have the privilege of using the Chime on funeral occasions. We hope it will be done.

CAMPANARUM PULSATOR.

Music Abroad.

DUBLIN.—The first concert of Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT took place on the 27th ult., and drew of course an overflowing audience. The *Evening Freeman* thus describes it:

The concert opened with an instrumental piece, (the andante from a sonata of Beethoven, with variations for the pianoforte and violin.) The performers were Herr Otto Goldschmidt and Herr Joachim, who on appearing were most cordially received. The pianism of Herr Goldschmidt is characterized by a certain plainness and vigor of style, arguing a love in the performer of "the simply beautiful," despising ornate frippery, but yet displaying a delicacy and firmness of touch inexpressibly pleasing to educated ears, especially in the rendering of classic music. We need scarcely add that this bit of Beethoven's composition was given in masterly style. At its conclusion all eyes were directed towards the door opening to the platform, for the next piece marked in the programme was the grand aria from *I Puritani*, so justly admired, "Qui la voce," with its delicious concluding *cabaletta*, to be sung by Madame Lind Goldschmidt. The appearance of Madame created quite a scene. All the vast assemblage seemed to rise and bend forward whilst peal after peal of welcome greeted the fair donna, for fair she is, and (as we were rejoiced to see) retains all the winning characteristics of feature and grace of manner which seemed to harmonize so well with her sweet voice when we heard it last on the Dublin stage, eleven long years ago. She looks the Jenny Lind of the portraits still. She wore a quiet yet singularly tasteful dress of light blue color, and in all its details her costume was marked by tasteful simplicity. The said aria "Qui la voce" is rather a trying piece to begin with, and we could not but remark a slight huskiness, or rather a want of clearness in her lower notes at the opening, but as she progressed in the song it was then her glorious voice began to develop its extraordinary beauty. As we heard her, years were forgotten, every note seemed to evoke some sweet memory, and the remembrance of past delights flashed upon our mind with every delicious cadence. Many were there who now heard Madame Lind Goldschmidt's voice for the first time, and they all seemed to feel impressed with a new and strange feeling of pleasure such as they had never before experienced in the vocalism of any artist, however celebrated, whilst others, who treasured the recollection of her glorious voice in the prime of its power and splendor, appeared to recognize with delight the repetition of sounds of thrilling melody which they had not dreamed of ever hearing again. The fair donna's version of the *cabaletta*, "Vien in cielo" was truly splendid, and rapturous applause followed, and an encore was asked for, but, owing to the length and variety of the programme, was not practicable. Madame's next performance was a *rondo*, "Il re Pastore," from Mozart, with its singularly beautiful accompaniment, rendered on the violin by Herr Joachim, and by Herr Goldschmidt on the pianoforte. This divine composition, both as regarded vocalism and instrumentalism, may be said to have been all but perfect. In the *duetto* "I Montanari," comprising a series of Styrian melodies, which concluded the first part of the concert, Madame Goldschmidt and Signor Belletti were heard in brilliant perfection as regarded execution. This piece seemed to partake more of the characteristics calculated to astonish rather than to please. The vocalism of the donna in the course of it was displayed in all its vigor and brilliancy, and she seemed to overcome the difficulties which she overcame with wondrous taste and power. In the second part of the concert the song which, perhaps, excited the greatest expectation was Moore's pretty and fanciful poetic *jeu d'esprit*, entitled "Nets and Cages." The music is the composition of Herr Goldschmidt. It is light, graceful, and well suited to the spirit of the words. It was sung *con amore* by Madame—who enunciates the English with great correctness and fluency. The concluding efforts of the fair *cantatrice* were Mendelssohn's sweet song, entitled "The first violet," and the Echo Song, a Norwegian melody. Both were given with charming grace and simplicity of style and brilliancy of harmonic effect. To speak of the plaudits which followed this and the other pieces which Madame sang during the evening would be only to record a succession of storms of approbation, and perhaps throughout the entire musical career of the great soprano she has never won higher

or more distinguished praise than that which was awarded to her last night by an audience in every way competent to appreciate the gifts of genius. The selection from *Il Barbiere*, given by Sig. Belletti reminded us of the many obligations we are under to this gifted *artiste* for the intense gratification we have more than once derived from his splendid vocalism. His rich baritone voice is now as true, powerful, and resonant as when we first had occasion to speak of his merits, and never was an *encore* sought with more enthusiasm, or a compliment more deservedly paid than that which was accorded to the Signor on his repeated performance of the "Largo al factotum." His "Non più andrai," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, of Mozart, was given by him in masterly style. More than twelve months since, we spoke at some length of the splendid character of Herr Joachim's violin performance, and assigned to him his due position as a perfect master of that most difficult of all instruments. We can now but say that his performance last evening was in every way worthy of his high reputation. This concert, in all, was a decided success, and furnishes a sufficient earnest of the rich treat in store for the lovers of music in the concert which is announced to take place on to-morrow afternoon.

Paris.

The revival of Ambroise Thomas' comic opera, *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, duly took place on Friday and introduced to the public a new singer and actress, Mlle. Monrose, who is indebted for her artistic education to the skill and ripe experience of the celebrated Duprez. The selection of so responsible a part as that of Queen Elizabeth in this opera, denoted considerable ambition and an equal degree of nerve in "the fair debutante." That this should be was natural enough to one who may be said to be native and to the manner born, Mlle. Monrose being a niece of the celebrated actor of that name, at the Théâtre Français, and having been cradled and trained, as it were, in the very wagon of Thespis. The result thoroughly justified the young artist's measurement of her own abilities. Remarkably free from the nervousness belonging to a first appearance, her powers had their full chance, and showed that the high class training which has been bestowed upon her, had not been thrown away upon unprofitable material. The part of Elizabeth allows considerable scope for acting, and Mlle. Monrose availed herself of it with high spirit and the true instinct of a comedian. Her voice is full and pure, she sings with taste, and her vocalization is such as might be expected from the pupil of Duprez. Her chief deficiency at present is in flexibility, and a more complete control over the upper notes of her voice. Such parts of the music allotted to her as demanded energy and passion, showed her to best advantage; but in the florid passages which occur in the second act, her power proved scarcely adequate to the task. She is young, however, and that assiduous practice which foreign artists generally encounter with such unflinching courage, will go far to conquer what nature has grudgingly. Mlle. Monrose's reception was of the warmest and kindest, and indeed, though her talents had been less, her personal charms would hardly have failed to win as much from the gallantry of a French *parterre*. Of such intrinsic excellence are her gifts in this respect, that the manager, Nestor Roqueplan, is said to have exclaimed, on his first interview with the young aspirant, transported with the fervid gallantry of the Gaul beyond the bounds of managerial prudence, "If I did not engage you for your talent and your voice, I should certainly do so for your beauty." With such certainty was Mlle. Monrose's success anticipated that at one time there was a question of assigning to her the part of Dinorah in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, but the cautious *maestro* shrank from the experiment. The least shadow of risk, and there was such in the emotion of a first appearance, is what Herr Meyerbeer will not encounter if any means of avoiding it exist under heaven. It never rains but it pours, and, as if a general order had issued from the mysterious counsels of Biarritz to evoke the shade of England's worshipped bard simultaneously on every lyrical stage of France, this same work of Monsieur Thomas has just been got up at the Grand Théâtre of Lyons. An absurd accident occurred on the first night, which with something like poetical justice interrupted the performance in the most critical part, and prevented its completion. In the midst of the scene between Elizabeth and Falstaff in the third act the stage was suddenly, without the warning even of the prompter's whistle, inundated with a torrent of real water; the actors fled incontinently to the shelter of the wings, but not before they had been fairly soured to the skins by the impromptu cascade, which fell on them from the sky borders. A change of costume not anticipated by the wardrobe keeper was thus enforced, and the premature descent of the curtain

Kyrie a Capella.

9

Cres. *mf* *Cres.*

liv - er me, de - liv - er me, de - liv - er, de - liv - er me, de - liv - er, de -
le - i - son, e - le - i - son, e - lei - son, e - le - i - son, e - lei - son, e -

Cres. *mf* *Cres.*

liv - - - er me, de - liv - er, Ho - ly Lord! ho - ly
le - - - i - son, e - - lei - son, Ky - ri - e! Ky - ri -

mf

Ho - ly Lord! ho - ly Lord! de - liv - er me, de - liv - - er me, Ho - ly
Ky - ri - e! Ky - ri - e! e - le - i - son, e - le - - i - son, Ky - ri -

Cres. *p* *Cres.*

- - - er, Ho - ly Lord! de - liv - er, de - liv - er me, de - liv - er, Ho - - ly
- - - son, Ky - ri - e! e - lei - son, e - le - i - - son, e - lei - son, Ky - - ri -

SOLL.

liver, Ho - ly Lord! ho - ly Lord! de - liv - er me, Holy Lord! deliv - er me, O Christ! de -
leison, Ky - ri - e! Ky - ri - e! e - le - i - - son, Ky - ri - e! e - le - i - son, Christe! e -

Lord! de - liv - - - - - er, de - liv - er me, Ho - ly Lord!
e! e - lei - - - - - son, e - le - i - - son, Ky - ri - e!

Lord! ho - ly Lord!... de - liv - - - - - er, de - liv - er, de - liv - er me, de -
e! Ky - ri - e!..... e - lei - - - - - son, e - lei - son, e - le - i - son, e -

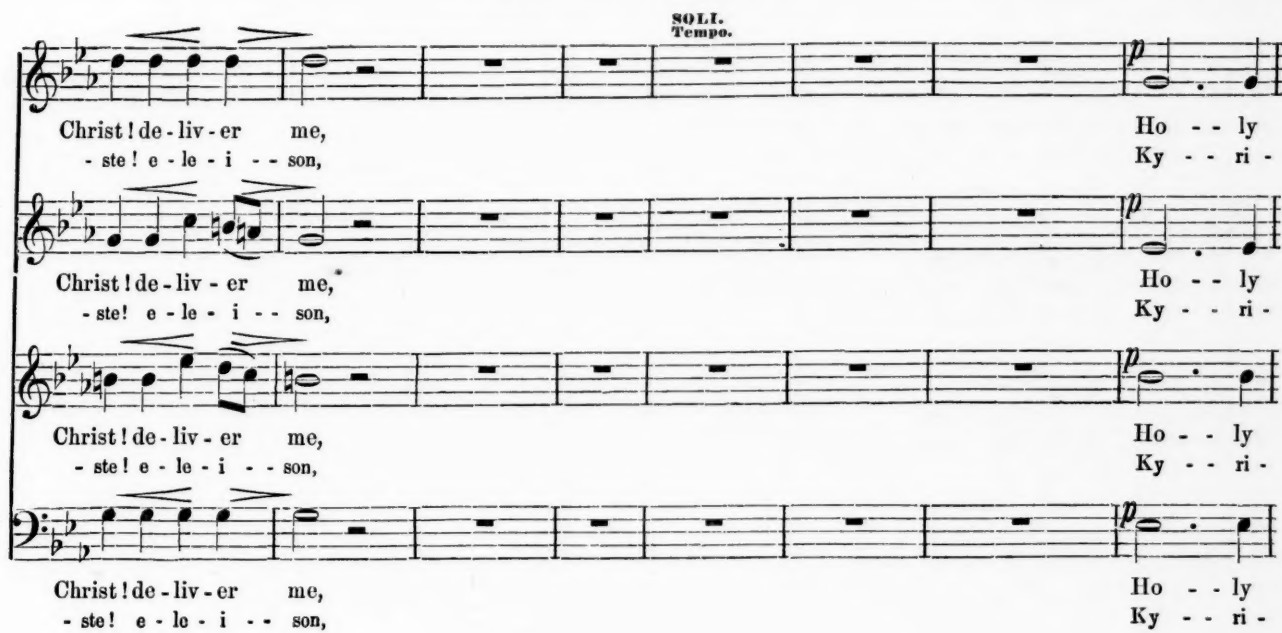
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Lord! de - liv - - - - - er me,..... de - liv - er me de -
e! e - - - - - le - - - - - i - - - - son,..... e - le - i - son, e -

Kyrie a Capella.

11

SOLI.
Tempo.



Christ! de-liv-er me, Ho - - ly
- ste! e-le-i - - son, Ky - - ri -

Christ! de-liv-er me, Ho - - ly
- ste! e-le-i - - son, Ky - - ri -

Christ! de-liv-er me, Ho - - ly
- ste! e-le-i - - son, Ky - - ri -

Christ! de-liv-er me, Ho - - ly
- ste! e-le-i - - son, Ky - - ri -

TUTTI.
Tempo.



Ho-ly Lord! ho-ly Lord! de - liv - - - - - er me,
Ky-ri - e! Ky-ri - e! e - - le - - - - - i - son,

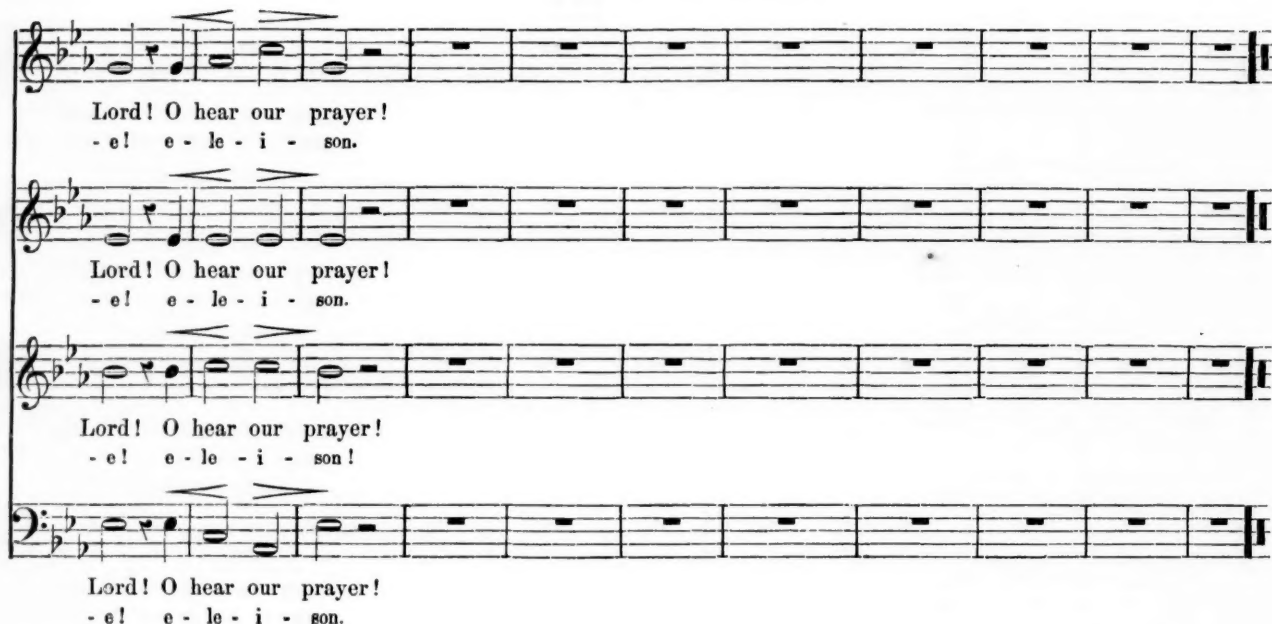
Ho-ly Lord! ho-ly Lord! de - liv - - - - - er,
Ky-ri - e! Ky-ri - e! e - - lei - - - - - son,

Ho-ly Lord! ho-ly Lord! de - liv - - - - - er,
Ky-ri - e! Ky-ri - e! e - - lei - - - - - son,

Ho-ly Lord! ho-ly Lord! de - liv - - - - - er me,
Ky-ri - e! Ky-ri - e! e - - le - - - - - i - son,

Tempo.

Kyrie a Capella.



Lord! O hear our prayer!
- e! e - le - i - son.

Lord! O hear our prayer!
- e! e - le - i - son.

Lord! O hear our prayer!
- e! e - le - i - son!

Lord! O hear our prayer!
- e! e - le - i - son.



Be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, O hear our prayer.
e - le - i - son, e - le - i - son, e - le - i - son, e - le - i - son.

Be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, O Christ! O hear our prayer.
e - le - i - son, e - le - i - son, Chri - ste! e - le - i - son.

Be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, O Christ! O hear our prayer.
e - le - i - son, e - le - i - son, Chri - ste! e - le - i - son.

Be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, O Christ! O hear us.
e - le - i - son, e - le - i - son, Chri - ste! e - lei - - son.

Fine.

saved the memory of Shakspeare from further desecration that night. Since the days of Noah never was deluge more justly merited. The cause of the accident was the rupture of a pipe connected with the water-tank, placed by the architect on the roof of the theatre, in the event of fire. I am not superstitious, but I firmly believe the affair was snugly arranged in the world of departed spirits, and with banished goblins, between William Shakspeare himself, and his young friend Master Puck. How his sides must have shaken at the result of this excellent piece of mischief; what a Ho, ho, ho! must have echoed in the welkin as he beheld Mounseer Falstaff, with his false belly hanging drenched and flaccid on the lean form of the audacious frog-eater who had dared to assume that jovial and honored portliness sacred to English beef and jolly English humor.

I have strange misgivings that I ought to have alluded, in my record of recent musical events, to the new operetta produced last week at the Bouffes Parisiens; at any rate the composer of *Martha* would be of that opinion, that distinguished musician having condescended to become the parent of the novelty.

La Veuve Grossier is the title of this little work, which has achieved a complete success, both in the dramatic and musical sense. The libretto, which is written by Monsieur Desforges, is founded on an anecdote to be found in a now forgotten work of the latter half of the last century, called *Le Colporteur*, which relates how the celebrated Lorette of that day, being desirous of drawing a veil over her past career, purchased of a ruined marquis the right of bearing his name, the privilege being secured by a marriage, preceded by a contract specifying formally that the husband, on consideration of receiving a stated allowance, should immediately on leaving the church door betake himself whithersoever his fancy prompted, so it were not to the abode of his bride.

The Veuve Grossier differs from the heroine of the story in being of unblemished repute; it is not the awkward incidents of her life that she wishes to smother under heraldic blazonries, but the vile associations connected with the name of Grossier.

M. Flotow's music has the same mixed character observable in his other works. There is the same imitation of the light French school, whose chief is Adolphe Adam, somewhat stiffly accomplished, mingled with grand airs in the Italian styles, and the simple ballad indigenous to England and Germany. The compound is, in fact, much the same as that which our own Balfe knows so well how to serve up, saving indeed that the mess is not half so substantial or savory as that of the English chef. The chief parts are played by Geoffroy, Caillat, and Mlle. Tostée, who did every justice both to author and composer: the first named was particularly happy as the Marquis. Beyond these two events there is nothing of moment to chronicle in the musical world of Lutetia.

Foreign Correspondence.

(From a new contributor.)

VIENNA, SEPT. 29. — The Kärnthner-theater, our Vienna opera-house, is very plain, and for so large a city very small. On the floor of the building are about two hundred and forty seats, behind which is a space large enough for one hundred persons to stand. Around this little pit rise five galleries, three of which are occupied by boxes and two by seats without backs for the multitude. The boxes number about seventy, and the two other galleries will seat perhaps five or six hundred. As one would suppose, the building does not at all meet the wants of the public. It very often happens that one can get no seat, and as for the boxes, they are all the property of the nobility and rich citizens.

The orchestra numbers about eighty-five, sometimes more, which is quite as much as the house will bear, and the chorus is in proportion. Three conductors of the orchestra are engaged and two ballet-directors (the latter lead the orchestra in ballets), besides whom CARL ECKERT, who was in America with Sontag, and who is now manager of this theatre, sometimes presides.

The opera seasons are two, a German opera season from the first of July to the first of April; and an Italian season during the other three months.

The last German season closed with *Fidelio*, and the next evening began the Italian season, which on

the whole proved poor, very poor. The first trouble arose from the miserable Viennese climate; all foreigners regularly catch cold on coming here, and singers are lucky, if they get clear of hoarseness in a month. Then many of the singers were inferior; and lastly the repertoire was, for Vienna, weak: *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Barbiere*, *Otello*, *Cenerentola*, *Mosè*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia*, *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Don Pasquale*, *Marino Faliero*, *Elise Velasco*, from Pacini; *Fiorina*, from some younger composer; and finally *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, from Cimarosa.

This is very old and rarely given, but it is charming. The plot, the orchestral accompaniments, the solos and concerted pieces are exceedingly simple and indeed rather antiquated. The contrast between this little opera and those of the modern, noisy and effect-seeking Italian is enormous. Great execution and pure intonation are necessary to the rendering of this music, as it is quite as florid as that of Rossini though in a different style. It is very naïve and reminds one of Mozart. The opera was capitally given; the chief female part was filled by Mme. CHARTON-DEMEUR, the second by Mlle. FIORETTI, the alto part by Mme. BRAMBILLA-MARULLI, the tenor by M. CARRION, the baritone by EVERARDI, and the base part by ZUCCHINI. These singers understand and render Rossini's music extremely well, with one exception, Mme. Brambilla, who is always poor. Mme. Charton is extremely graceful in song and play, and has a pretty and highly educated voice. Her parts are Rosina, Susanna in *Figaro*, Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, &c., and are unusually capital. She is just engaged to replace in part poor Bosio at St. Petersburg. Mlle. FIORETTI is a young singer of great talent. She has a beautiful, full, high soprano voice, and sings with great natural ease and execution. She moves herself well enough on the stage, sings with considerable understanding, intonates purely, and in short needs but industry to rise high in the opera world. M. CARRION has great though not very good execution, and was once a great singer. His voice is now weak, but he uses it so well and plays so fancily that he fills the comic tenor parts very satisfactorily. Signor EVERARDI has a pleasant and tolerably strong voice, and an execution truly wonderful for its clearness and finish.

Rossini has hardly written anything for even a soprano voice that Everardi cannot sing with ease. It is truly rare nowadays to hear a baritone or bass voice with any considerable execution. The singers trust too much to their full tones to draw applause from the audience. In addition, Everardi plays well and with humor, and sings with much understanding and feeling. ZUCCHINI is a very comic singer, indeed, a real Italian buffo of the first class, and always, without exception, gives his parts admirably. In addition to these singers was a deep bass, ANGELINI, who is excellent. He sings well, he plays well, and his voice is full and very pleasant. He, too, is capital in Rossini's operas. Besides him were two baritones of little merit, a first baritone of considerable merit as singer and actor, but who has almost entirely lost his voice, a couple of basses of no great account, a first tenor, BETTINI, (not of American renown) also without much voice, one or two lesser tenors, a very handsome and rich Swedish singer with little more than impudence, who looked the page in the *Nozze di Figaro* bewitchingly and sang it shamefully. Mme. STEFFANONE (of great American renown) who is still pretty, good and fat, and lastly, the flower of the season, Mme. LAFON.

This lady is a French Creole from the West Indies, it is said; at any rate, one used to seeing negroes notices at once in her nose and hair the black blood, though she is perfectly white. Her voice is moderately strong and sympathetic in quality, and is very well cultivated; her execution is elegant and sufficient for Rossini even, her delivery stately and

queenlike as in her acting. Her Norma will compare with that of Grisi; indeed, it seemed to me at moments to surpass the latter. In *Lucrezia Borgia* she was not perhaps so great, but in *Otello* she was splendid. There is no tearing a passion into shreds; she remains perfect ruler over her song and action, but when the moment for excitement comes, her hot Southern blood boils up, and her voice thrills the hearer through and through. In *Otello*, her most beautiful moment is while singing the exquisite romance with its wonderful harp accompaniment. Sadness inevitably seizes upon the hearer when listening to her. One feels to the core the wrongs and sorrows of the patient, lovely Desdemona. Ah, yes, one must love and honor Rossini, that he has so well expressed in music Shakspeare's beautiful creation. The difficulties of this romance are very considerable, and if they be conquered with ease, it is no slight task to render them subordinate to the spirit of woe, which should envelope the whole. And this she did with perfect success. She is an objective singer of the first class; higher praise cannot be given her. She proved to me fully, how very valuable the half-casts and negroes may be, nay, will be, in the musical world. A friend, who had been conductor of the opera in Rio Janeiro some years, told me of a case in point. A negro woman, the cook of the Italian prima-donna there, used to imitate her mistress's scale and airs. This gentleman often heard her; and he assured me that her voice was splendid, and her singing, even to the little ornaments and cadences, far better than that of her mistress. It was nature, for the cook had never had the least instruction.

Il Barbiere was often given, and one would hardly hear it better in London or Paris. This opera is a little gem, and will live; not so most of Rossini's operas. *Cenerentola* has not the sparkle and the unity of the "Barber." "Mosè," with much beauty, is in some places really tiresome. *Otello* is not good throughout, though much is redeemed by the exquisite romance, already mentioned, in the last act. *Semiramide* is but partially to be accepted. *Tell* is a transition opera, written with more care and experience than the others, and it is really great. In it he has nearly abandoned his florid style of which one soon tires. *Tell* is not given in the Italian, but very often in the German season; do you remember in the third act the beautiful ballet scene? Beethoven's remark on Rossini, on looking at his scores: "This man would have been a great composer, if his master had thrashed him oftener," is surely true. One sees in Rossini's greater works the want of work and of care, and in almost all his operas the need of pruning.

"*Figaro's Marriage*" was very fairly given, Steffanone singing the Countess, Charton the Susanna, Angelini the Figaro, and the other parts were indifferently filled. The music is too beautiful to be ruined by the worst rendering.

Elisa Valesco, by Pacini, is wretched, and was given three times (a rule of the theatre) to empty houses. The same is true of *Fiorina*.

Norma was well given, and drew very fairly, as did also *Otello*; with all the other operas not commented upon, it was hard work.

During April the company was not in full force, and was moreover ailing, in consequence of which, and of the poor operas (the good ones were mostly given in June) the houses were very thin. It was even said that the directors meant to close the theatre and dismiss the company in the middle of May.

The opera is a source of great expense to the government, as one would suppose, but the three months of the Italian season cost more (I believe much more) than the nine months of the German season; not relatively but positively more. These three months pay but little; indeed, during June the theatre is almost entirely empty. A contractor under-

takes to bring and manage an Italian company, and to give certain operas, all specified—a good speculation. But he, who for many years has had these engagements, has now lost his contract, and a new manager is expected to bring a company including ALBONI, MARIO and TAMBERLIK. With such singers the houses may be filled, but the operas must be better chosen. People here are getting very tired of Verdi and even of Bellini and Donizetti—and are they not right? The two latter composers, with very great talent, wrote too quickly, indulged in tricks to catch the house, and used any and every melody which came into their hands. It is related of Donizetti that he once composed an opera in a fortnight. He wrote his melodies, sketched the opera, designated his harmonies by numbers (as in organ music), and gave them to clerks to fill out. Now every one of musical genius, to which no one can dispute their good title, has many ideas, i. e. melodies which are of slight account, and should therefore not be used. But if a composer writes anything, he is likely to have in the end some good melodies swallowed up in many which are trivial and often even vulgar. Do not we demand of a writer, whether of prose or poetry, that he shall review his works and shall prune away carefully all that is of doubtful quality?

Then, too, much as the idea is ridiculed in the present time, it is certain that severe and careful study of the art and of the great works already existing, is necessary for a composer. Supposing that a young man, without any preparation farther than having seen a couple of galleries, should undertake to paint a great picture. Would he not fail most signally, and would he not be laughed at? And the same of poetry. Any person of intelligence who goes often to the opera, and seeks something more than a tickling of the ears, will soon tire of the modern Italian composers. Of the most modern, Verdi, little is to be said. He has great gifts, but has so remarkably and persistently mis-used them, that he has gone down hill, has lost his fame even in Italy, and has earned the name, "The most vulgar of composers."

H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 29, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — *Kyrie a Capella*, by ROBERT FRANZ, last four pages. (By mistake the wrong plates were sent to the printer last week, instead of these.)

Richard Wagner.

THIRD ARTICLE.*

Since the revolution of 1849, Wagner, as we have said, has resided most of the time at Zurich, Switzerland, in exile. His principal labor, so far as reported, has been the composition of a grand opera on the subject of the *Nibelungenlied*, consisting of three or four parts, and designed to occupy as many consecutive evenings in the performance. In this work it is understood that he means to give a much fuller practical illustration of his peculiar ideas of the Opera of the Future; but we have not yet read of its performance anywhere. Meanwhile he has completed a shorter opera, to occupy a single evening, called *Tristan and Isolde*, which is soon to be produced at Carlsruhe, and of which Liszt's disciple, Bülow, who is preparing the piano-forte score of it, writes: "He whom this opera does not convert, has no music in him" (!) and says it is as far beyond *Lohengrin*, as *Fidelio* is beyond Mozart's *Seraglio*. (See letter from Leipzig in this Journal, Oct. 8, 1859.)

*Continued from No. 2 of this Vol., page 223.

In March, 1855, Wagner was summoned to London, the very stronghold of his most prejudiced enemies,—summoned as a novelty, a nine day's wonder, to conduct the old Philharmonic Concerts, which needed to be violently shaken out of drowsiness; and from the spasms of the London musical critics, from their exclamations of horror at his violent and novel manner of conducting their favorite old symphonies and other classics (for scarcely anything of his own composition was allowed to figure in the good old fashioned programmes), we judge they did get shaken with a vengeance. The experiment was pronounced a failure, with a few dissenting voices. Wagner himself, afterwards, in a letter to a friend, acknowledged it, but ascribed it to the strange element in which he had found himself there, like a fish out of water, having to minister to English tastes and prejudices, and with no opportunity to act out himself, or present his own gospel either by word or deed.

There have been often revived rumors of his being about to proceed to Paris to bring out one of his great works on a grand scale; also of his intention of coming to America, to transplant the "Music of the Future" to this New World, whither all the ideas of the Future, artistic as well as political and social, seem to beckon and shadow forth a boundless, glorious home. But as yet these are only rumors. Meanwhile *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* have found their way into most of the theatres of Germany,—here rejected after one or two trials, there taking root awhile in popular admiration, exciting infinite discussion, in the Babel of which voices in all keys from highest rhapsody to contemptuous rage are mingled. All seems tending to a clearer appreciation of the man and his ideas; especially to a discrimination between the more and more admitted genius or talent of the man, the composer, and the very doubtful value of his theories. Much as his operas and fragments of them have been heard, still it would seem that very few persons have really had an opportunity to fairly judge by hearing what an opera by Wagner is. From the peculiarity of their structure they must be heard as wholes, and only under very perfect conditions. He himself has said, within the year past: "If you hear an opera of mine, hear it in Hanover, for nowhere else do they produce one so that you can form a true idea of it." Of course, then, we must wait, and in the meanwhile try to learn what we can from the theoretic statements of the man as set forth in the books we have already named.

The fundamental idea of all these works has certainly a large and unitary aspect. It contemplates no less than the discontinuance of the single, separate Arts as such, and the fusion of them all into the one only true work of Art, the "Drama of the Future." Especially has Wagner seemed to regard it as his mission, poet and musician as he is, to point out the false relation which has hitherto existed between these two factors of the conventional opera. The miserable texts to almost all existing operas have always been a subject of complaint; and so long as the music was written to please and show off the singers, and the words slavishly adapted to the conventional pattern of the music,—so much recitative, so many arias, duets, concerted pieces, and so on,—it was almost impossible that an opera text could have much poetical merit. Wagner

claims to have been the first to give distinct and formal expression to the vague and general feeling on the subject. Poet and musician both in himself, he has disciplined himself more and more, in each successive opera he has composed, to produce the music and poetry as one. He speaks of himself as having long since perfectly mastered the power of musical expression, so as to use it as his mother tongue; and now he is free to give his whole concern to the subject matter of his composition. He talks more about the librettos which he writes, than about the music in which it would seem that he spontaneously clothes them, following the dictates of the poetry without regard to the usual forms, imitations and thematic developments of musical treatment. Such, at least, is the impression which we get from reading here and there what he has written.

The principles, which Wagner has embodied, vaguely, and as it were prophetically in his *Holländer*, more clearly in his *Tannhäuser*, and still more in his *Lohengrin*, are argumentatively explained in the three volumes of his *Oper und Drama*. In the introduction to this work, he says: "I am almost shrinking from uttering aloud the brief formula which shows the error" (hitherto existing in the relation of the words and music in all operas) "since I am ashamed to announce with the important air of novelty a thing so clear, so simple and self-evident that it seems to me that all the world must long ago have settled it." The formula is this:

"The error in the opera, as a species of Art, has consisted in the fact, that a means of expression (Music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (the Drama) has been made the means; and thus the actual lyric Drama has been made to rest upon the basis of absolute Music."

To the demonstration of this error throughout the history of Opera he devotes the first volume of his work, which, if not free from some extravagancies, contains shrewd and instructive criticisms upon all the opera writers who have been in vogue for a century and a half.

In the second volume he points out what he deems a similar error in the historical development of dramatic poetry; which is, that the poets have selected, as he thinks, a wrong order of subjects for dramatic treatment.

"The Romance, both the historical and the domestic, has thus far furnished the material of our modern dramas. Shakspeare's dramas sprang immediately from this Romance, but were mainly possible only because in them the scenic environment was left to the imagination of the spectator. In any attempts to reproduce the scene with fidelity, it was plainly impossible so to compress and mould the complicated stuff of the Romance, as to make it intelligible to the senses of the beholder without the aid of his own fancy. Hence we see the poets on the one hand turn their backs upon Romance entirely, and, like Racine, go back to ancient tragedy, or on the other hand, like Goethe and Schiller, hover midway between Shakspeare and Racine, and either renounce scenic effect altogether, (as Goethe has done in his "Faust,") or devote themselves to Romance itself. The latest dramatic poetry, which as Art lives only on the literary monuments of Goethe and Schiller, has continued this wavering between two opposite tendencies almost to dizziness."

Wagner recalls us to our senses; he points to

"the only true drama that humanity possesses"—to the Greek; as this sprang from the Greek *Mythos*, so our poetic art must come back to Myth; this is the beginning and end of all poesy, and has this peculiar in it, that it is alike true in all times, only interpret it according to the times; moreover it has the convenience of having worn the poetical form from the first, so that it is the more easily dramatized.

Now the *Mythos* always impersonates its meaning in a hero of some sort, who is supposed to be endowed with some extraordinary, superhuman, marvellous qualities. Hence *Miracle* is indispensable to Wagner's notion of a drama. Not the dogmatic, religious miracle, but rather the miracle which makes it intelligible to feeling; its object being not to make us believe, but to enable us to seize the inner connection of actions directly, without the aid of reflection or imagination. For this, according to Wagner, is the real problem of the poet, to appeal to "the totality of the senses," and not to understanding and imagination. "In the drama," he says, "we are made wise by feeling."

(To be continued.)

Afternoon Concerts.

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION gave us another excellent selection this week;—on the whole about as good as some of those famous Leipzig Gewandhaus programmes reviewed by Schumann in another column.

1. Italian Symphony..... Mendelssohn.
2. Waltz. Telegraphic Despatch. (First time.) Strauss.
3. Overture. Oberon..... Weber.
4. Bedouin Galop..... Lumbye.
5. Miserere. Il Trovatore..... Verdi.
6. Andante. From 5th Symphony..... Beethoven.
7. Potpourri..... Meyerbeer.

The "Italian" Symphony and the "Oberon" Overture were beautifully rendered. The exquisite Minuet and Trio of the former has a fluid grace almost Mozartean, but through all always you perceive the melancholy under-current of the man named Felix. The Andante from the C minor Symphony (like a heavenly *Benedictus* after the Verdi *Miserere*), was devoured with eager ears, as usual; but we missed something of clearness in the performance; the accompaniment figures in the first three or four repetitions of the theme were not audibly enough pronounced; so that we heard them in memory, but not actually. The Waltz was another instance of the fertile genius of Strauss for mixing musical punch. The *Miserere* was strongly endorsed by the minority and repeated; it was short. The audiences increase in number. This concert was surely good enough to attract a crowd the next time.

Musical Chit-Chat.

CARL ZERRAEN is out with his subscription papers for his winter series of Orchestral, or "PHILHARMONIC" Concerts. He will give four concerts, (more, let us hope,) as soon as 600 subscribers, at \$3.00, shall be obtained. This ought to be achieved in a very few days, in justice to our character as good, sincere, symphony-loving people. His orchestra will contain at least forty of our very best musicians—forty good ones being more efficient than fifty, including unharmonious elements or dummies. He will have the best solo talent, vocal and instrumental, the famous young pianist, ARTHUR NAPOLEON, being engaged for the first concert. The orchestral programmes will include many new works of interest; besides the good old Symphonies, he has one or more from Schumann, Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, and Liszt's "Preludes;" Bertioz's *Frances Juges* overture, Verdi's overture to "Sicilian Vespers," &c., &c. We expect good times.

In the week after next we have the Wednesday Afternoon Orchestral Concert; the Schiller Festival, in the afternoon of Thursday (10th), and on Saturday evening (12th) the classical soiree of Messrs. EICHBERG and LEONHARDT, with plenty of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Franz, &c., and (in the larger Tremont Temple) the farewell benefit concert of our old friend, Mr. KEYZER, who has retired from his post at the Museum. He will have the assistance of a double quartet of strings and of Miss FAY, the singer, who is soon to sail for Italy. Mr. Keyzer always offers something good, when he appears before the public, and we trust the memory of his long services will surround him with hosts of friends. We only regret that it comes on the same evening with the concert above named; cannot one or the other be changed?

Our thanks are due to Mr. Grozelier, the artist, for a most bold and striking portrait of RALPH WALDO EMERSON, which he has just produced. It is lithographed with wonderful power and finish from a photograph. There is no portrait which, to our seeing, gives so much of the character of the man. Perhaps the muscles of the face are a little too full; but the clear, searching eye, the beautiful mould of the forehead, the eagle beak, the light which informs the whole are there. It represents him with that shrewd, sideward look, half humorous, half critical, as when listening to some remark in conversation.

CARL BERGMANN announces his series of subscription concerts, on Sunday evenings, of which the prospectus is quite rich. It promises of symphonies, Beethoven's in A major and the *Pastorale*, Mozart's in D, Haydn's in G, Mendelssohn's in A minor, Schubert's in C, Schumann in B major and in D minor, Gade's in C minor, and of Liszt's symphonic poems, *Tasso*, *Festklänge*, and *Les Preludes*. Of overtures, we shall hear Beethoven's *Leonore*, *Coriolanus*, Cherubini's *Les Abencerrages*, Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille* and the *Hebrides*, Schumann's *Manfred*, Wagner's *Faust*, *Rienzi*, and *Tannhäuser*. Introduction to *Lohengrin* and to *Tristan and Isolde*; Berlioz's *King Lear* (*Les Francs Juges*), *Romeo and Juliet*, (festival at Capulet's and Queen Mab.) Of Concertos for piano, we are promised Beethoven's in E flat and G major, triple Concerto for piano, violin, and violoncello; Schumann's in A minor, Chopin's in F minor, Liszt's in E flat major. Of choruses, those from Schumann's *Paradise and Peri* and *The Pilgrimage of the Rose*. Also some of *Alceste*, *Orpheus*, *Fidelio*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*.

Musical Correspondence.

FARMINGTON, CONN., OCT. 25.—I take the liberty to send you a somewhat remarkable programme of a Soirée by Mr. SATTER at Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School. I was writing some words in explanation, but find upon reading them over, that I made an apology for our daring to offer such music to a young ladies' audience, and this, I hope, is not necessary with you.

PART I.

1. Concert-Overture à 4 mains..... Chas. Fradel.
(Written in Paris, and performed with great success by the whole Orchestra under the composer's direction.)
Messrs. Fradel and Satter.
2. Sonate (A major) with the Variations..... Mozart.
3. Kreisleriana, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 8..... Schumann.
(Being a collection of fantastic pieces, suggested by the work of the same name, written by E. T. Hoffmann, one of the most original German literary geniuses.)
4. Invitation à l'aise (with Satter's great Cadenza)..... Weber.

PART II.

1. Overture to "Tannhäuser"..... R. Wagner.
Arranged by Satter.
2. Prelude and Fuge (E minor)..... Mendelssohn.
3. Sonate in E major, op. 109..... Beethoven.
(Dedicated to Maximiliana Brentano.)
4. Concert-Etude, A flat..... F. Liszt.
(Dedicated to Czerny. In the Symphonic style.)

PART III.

1. Overture to "Mauskönig und Nussknacker." C. Reinecke.
à 4 mains.
Messrs. Fradel and Satter.
(This is intended to be a funny composition, describing the hostilities between the king of the mice and a nut-cracker. It has met with great success in Germany and London.)

2. Free Improvisation on themes, given by the ladies.

They will be worked up in form of a Sonata in three movements. Mr. Satter will accept any themes, but such as would belong to any of Mr. Verdi's writings, because sentimental ditties of this kind can be admitted, after hearing the divine music of illustrious composers.

[Verily, this programme is a curiosity.—Ed.]

The music was enthusiastically enjoyed, and although it was a hard task both to the performer and to the audience, to perform and to listen to Piano music for three hours in succession,—everybody regretted that the concert was not twice as long. The favorite piece of the evening was, strange to say, that little, "old fashioned" Sonata by Mozart, which by its beautiful simplicity moved many of my young pupils to tears. Beethoven's Sonata, op. 109, was listened to with deep emotion, while the *Tannhäuser* Transcription astonished by the display of Satter's immense pianism.

Mr. Fradel was absent, on account of illness, and Mr. S. substituted for the Overtures a fantasia on

themes of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a *Nocturne* by Chopin.

I do not offer any criticism on his playing; he is certainly the best interpreter of classical music I have heard. (1)

I shall endeavor to continue these Concerts as well as those of the Mason-Thomas Quintette Club, and of whatever good artists, whose obliging services I may be able to secure. These gentlemen readily acquiesced in my wishes, viz.: to play only music of the highest order, and thus I have a powerful means of elevating and ennobling the musical taste of my pupils.

Why is not this done oftener in other places? The result of it would be a highly beneficial one, and in fact, could not be over-rated. I wish you would lend your aid to this subject by earnestly appealing to all similar institutions to follow the example set by humble Farmington, and your obedient

KARL KLAUSER.

NEW YORK, OCT. 24.—After the long pause which my summer's absence from the city, with its usual dearth of music, has made necessary, I regret that I have even yet no musical news of much importance to write about. In opera matters you are kept duly *au fait* from another source; personally I can only report about the performance of *Martha*, in its odd Italian dress, which, however, made us regret former representations in every respect but Madame COLSON's charming singing. In her acting she is not by any means equal to La Grange.

STIGELLI, in the finale from *Lucia*, approached nearer to Mario in that scene than any other artist I have heard. He has, indeed, a very fine voice, and uses it admirably. In an act from *Ernani*, FERRI showed to advantage, and proved himself deserving of the popularity which he is rapidly obtaining.

The Philharmonic rehearsals commenced a fortnight ago at the Academy. It was delightful, after months spent without music of any kind, to hear the delicious strains of Schubert's Symphony, although the pleasure was much marred by Mr. Bergmann's cruel cutting up of the music by his corrections. If he would only suffer the orchestra to finish the phrase or musical idea which they are playing before he stops them, the ears of the listeners would not be quite so much annoyed.

Of our customary series of Quartet concerts we hear nothing as yet. Mr. Eisfeld's friends are all very impatient to have him recommence his Soirées, which they all missed so much last winter; and I think Mason & Thomas had sufficient success to induce them to renew their matinees also.

The Germans of our city are at present quite absorbed in preparation for the Schiller festival (in honor of the centennial anniversary of the poet's birth), which is to take place next month. They intend to make it a memorable occasion, and it will present several features which are quite new to the American public. The festivities commence on the 9th prox. with addresses in German and English, one of the latter by W. C. Bryant. In the evening there will be a concert, one half of the programme consisting of miscellaneous pieces having some reference to Schiller, under the direction of Mr. Eisfeld, and the other half, of the 9th Symphony, with Mr. Anschütz as leader. In this latter the choruses will be sung by the Liederkrantz, their forces swelled by a number of amateurs. On the 10th, the actual birthday, there will be a representation at the Academy of Music. The first part will consist of the Apotheosis of Schiller, in which a poem (for which a prize was offered some time ago) will be recited, and the bust of the poet crowned by a competent German actress, while the stage is filled with allegorical groups of females. Next will follow a series of eight tableaux, from Schiller's chief ballads and dramatic works. This will be succeeded by Wallenstein's Camp, in German, and the whole ends with a general group of all the tableaux. The music accompanying these performances will be under the direction of Mr. Bergmann. It is gratifying to see how all Germans enter into this affair, heart and soul. Our three German "Kapellmeisters" divide the musical department between them. Messrs. Lutze and Lang and several other artists direct the arrangement of the tableaux, and an incredible number of volunteers of both sexes have come forward for the tableaux and other like performances. May success crown their efforts!

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BATAVIA, KANE CO., ILL., OCT. 17.—As there seems to be something new in Illinois under the sun, I consider it my duty to inform you of it. In Kendall Co., (Ill.) a society has been formed called the "Kendall Co. Musical Union," designed to include the best musical talent in the county. It proposes meeting monthly, three days at a time, in the principal towns in the county, in rotation, during the fall and winter.

The first meeting was held at Bristol, Oct. 11, 12, and 13, under the direction of Mr. W. S. B. MATTHEWS, of Aurora. The society are studying the "Messiah"; the style of music is new to almost all of them, but at their late meeting they were able to perform in a creditable manner the choruses: "Behold the Lamb of God," "Oh thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," and the "Hallelujah," which speaks well for their perseverance and the energy of their conductor.

The second evening of the meeting was devoted to congregational singing, which was participated in by a large audience.

The concert of Thursday evening consisted of Anthems, from the "Cythara" and "Hallelujah," solos upon the piano-forte by the conductor, (Wallace's Old Hundredth and C sharp minor of Beethoven); Soprano air: "Thou didst not leave his soul in hell"; Bass solos: "Why do the nations rage," and the trumpet shall sound," sung by the president of the "Union," Mr. HAIGH; and the choruses mentioned above.

The next meeting of the society was appointed at Newark, Nov. 8; conductor, W. S. B. Matthews. The Society hope to be able to bring out a good share of the "Messiah" at Christmas.

Sometimes the monotony of teacher life here is broken by an interesting event. For instance, the other day my heart was greatly refreshed by one of my pupils asking me if I would not give her a Sonata for a lesson. Of course I assented, for she was a young lady whom I had considered one of my best pupils. The Sonata selected was Op. 28 of Beethoven's, because I thought it would be easily understood and, in any case, it was "good practice." The first movement, to the repeat, was assigned for the lesson. When the time for the next lesson came round, I took my course for the residence of the pupil with alacrity and my portfolio. The lesson was recited, and it was evident that not the most remote ray of an idea had penetrated the superficial strata of the cranial protuberance of the ambitious would-be-teacher, but that to her the beautiful creation of the master was no more and no less than a page or so of notes.

"Ah," said I, "I see you don't quite understand this. Now please observe carefully while I play this first movement. Do you see how beautiful this is? See how this idea is repeated, now here and now there! What a character of quiet enjoyment pervades the whole!"

"Yes?" (In a vague, inquiring sort of a way.)

"Very well, I wish you would practice and study this until the next lesson, for I think it will richly repay you, and I think you will surely be interested by it." But, oh ye Gods! What a damper was in store for me!

"Well, you see I didn't care so much for the music, (O Beethoven!) but I only wanted to say that I played a Sonata, because Sarah Dusenberry, in Chicago, plays one and brags over it so much. I wished to show her that she wasn't all the world, for they think Sonatas are the tallest kind of music, and nobody can learn them out of Chicago."

Mr. Editor, a young man might have been seen, not long after, taking a prestissimo movement out of that neighborhood. Have I given any Sonatas since? "Nary one." So much for "High Art!"

I see published a piece called "Oasis, grand valse brilliant, &c., and composed (?) by a certain professor of music from the Conservatoire at Leipzig (so he

says) who "professes" not a thousand miles hence. In this Oasis the principal motive has been an oasis in the repertoire of every hand-organ in the land for this ten years at least. So much for originality.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

LAWRENCE, MASS., OCT. 24.—I enclose the programme of a Complimentary Benefit Concert given by our people, last Wednesday evening, to Mr. and Mrs. NEWTON FITZ, who are soon to leave us for Mobile. We regret exceedingly that we must lose our friends, though we cannot wonder that the golden attractions of the Southern city have allured them thither. There prospects here were never more promising, but there they can do much better than the best possible of Lawrence.

Mr. Fitz has been very popular as organist and chorister of "Father Taate's" church, and it will not be easy to fill his place there. He has been music teacher in the Oliver High School for some time past, and the School Committee (and no one will question the musical judgment of a School Committee with Gen. H. K. Oliver at its head) and the friends of the school generally have been surprised and delighted at the interest awakened in the subject, and the progress made, both in the theory and the practice of music, under his instruction. In school and out of it there is a unanimous and earnest expression of sorrow that Mr. Fitz must go—especially as no one yet can suggest a suitable successor for the situation. The chances are that the study must be dropped, at the very time when there is the most to encourage its continuance.

The Complimentary Concert was a very pleasant and successful affair, and this was the programme:

PART FIRST.

1. Grand March de Concert, for Piano Forte, . . . Wollenhaupt.
Mr. Newton Fitz.
2. Solo and Chorus, Tramp, . . . Bishop.
Solo by Mrs. Fitz.
3. Duet—Trust Her Not. (Words by Longfellow.) . . . Balfe.
Miss Annie Garland and Mr. E. Lyford.
4. Aria Buffo—"Non piu Andrai," . . . Mozart.
Mr. Fitz.
5. Song—The Canteener, . . . Balfe.
Mrs. F. E. Clarke.
6. Trio—On the Ocean, . . . Concone.
Mrs. Fitz, Mrs. Clarke and Miss Jennie Smith.

PART SECOND.

1. Aria—Se Crudele, from "Betly," . . . Donizetti.
Mrs. Fitz.
2. Solo for Cornet—"Twilight Dews," with variations, Graffula,
Mr. R. M. Hobbs.
3. Comic Duet—"Sir, a Secret," from Cinderella, . . . Rossini.
Messrs. Fitz and Clarke.
4. Solo and Chorus—"Now with Grief," from Cinderella, Rossini.
Solo by Mrs. Fitz.
5. Part Song—"The Farewell," for eight men's voices,
Mendelssohn.

The performers were all Lawrence people, but we think that disinterested critics would say that they did quite as well as the average of the "foreign talent" that visits us. We were especially pleased with Mr. Fitz's rendering of the *Non piu andrai* from the "Marriage of Figaro." It was excellently done, and surprised and gratified the audience all the more because Mr. Fitz has never before appeared in public as a solo singer. But he has been very successful as a teacher of vocal music, and while training others, he has evidently been training himself no less faithfully; and the results are very creditable to himself and very pleasing to his friends.

Mrs. Fitz, too, never sang better than on this occasion, intensifying our regret at parting with her by the sweetness of her swan-song of farewell. And the other ladies, and the gentlemen as well, did themselves no little credit. Miss GARLAND, the youngest of them all, hardly out of the bounds of school girlhood, seems to us a very promising vocalist.

We are happy to know incidentally that the pecuniary results of the concert were such as to make it a substantial compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Fitz. Q.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Well done, ye good and faithful servants.

Joh. Seb. Bach. 40

Cradle Song, from the Christmas Oratorio. " 50

Air from the Mass in G minor. " 50

These are the first three numbers of a set of eight *Airs* for an Alto voice, selected from Bach's works, by the celebrated German composer, Robert Franz, and by him provided with a pianoforte accompaniment, which retains all the features of the original score. Those who are at all acquainted with the vocal works of Bach, need not be told what a rich vein of musical beauty runs through them, these extracts being fine specimens. A more extensive notice of these songs, together with the admirable preface of Franz may be found in No. 15 of this paper, among the editorial articles.

I was poor, yet uncomplaining. (Giorno poveri vivea.) "Trovatore." 25

The song of Azucena, when she is brought before the Count di Luna, as a prisoner, in the third act. This song has not been published before.

O hear ye not maidens. Trio for female voices. H. Smart. 35

Light and easy. Each part may be filled by several voices or by one only.

When the silvery moon is shining. Song and chorus. T. B. 25

A melodious little song and chorus, not of the Ethiopian kind. It is just the piece for a social concert.

There's a fresh little mound near the willow. E. W. Locke. 25

A touching song for voices of small compass. Easy.

Integer vitae. (He who is upright.) Quartet for male voices. Fleming. 25

One of Horace's Odes set to music by an old German composer, who has furnished a great many chorals to the German Lutheran church, which, with Luther's own, still hold the first place. This ode has lately been revived in various colleges, and has even at various times made its way into the concert room, where its beauty was readily recognized.

Books.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES, with symphonies and accompaniments, by Sir John Stevenson, and characteristic words by Thomas Moore. With a portrait. Price, \$1.50; in cloth, \$2.50; cloth, full gilt, \$3.00

In a very neat, convenient, and durable form we have in this volume the fine old Melodies of Ireland wedded to the charming ballads which have, more than any other of his works, immortalized the name of Moore, and made it a familiar household word throughout the civilized world. There has been, and always will be, a peculiar charm about the music and the poetry of this work, and though the expression in reference to a new book, has become somewhat hacknied that "no library is complete without it," we may venture to say, that used in connection with this elegant edition of "Moore's Melodies," it will come to each of our readers as a very truthful declaration. There are many editions of these Melodies published in this country, but this is the only one in which the words are accompanied by the music, and here we may mention that with Moore the words and the music are one. "So intimately," says an English writer, "were they united in his mind, that the sight of the songs crowded together in one volume unaccompanied by music notes inflicted on him positive pain."

